



Sunday Thoughts.

3

P A R T I.

CONTAINING THE
PUBLICK, FAMILY,
AND
SOLITARY DUTIES.

O Deus tuus es ratio mea.



L O N D O N

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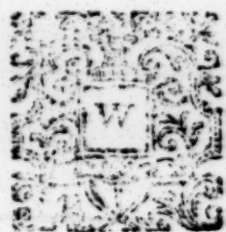
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TO HER GRACE

The Dutcheſs of SOMERSET.

M-DCCC,



WHEN I had the honour of communicating to YOUR GRACE my intention of carrying on these *thoughts* in ſeveral parts (the firſt of which, only, I have opportunity now to preſent you with) you was pleaſed, in your natural condeſcenſion and goodneſs, to diſcover an approbation of my undertaking, in a manner ſo peculiarly encouraging, as has made me look on this, and the pieces I ſhall hereafter publiſh on this ſubject, to be ſo wholly ſacred to YOUR GRACE, that it

A would

iv DEDICATION.

would be doing violence to myself to think of addressing them to any other.

I am sorry any thing should betray me into a danger of appearing vain at such a season, but I am sure I have enough to make me so, and to prove a temptation to a mind much stronger fortified than mine. YOUR GRACE has said "*you were pleased with my poetry*;" and any one who knows YOUR GRACE's discerning judgment, and is conscious at the same time of your strict sincerity, will think it no little labour to suppress every unbecoming emotion to vanity in a breast, weak (especially) as is my own, and unequal to the weight of such a reputation.

It may be thought too presuming in me to trespass so far on YOUR GRACE's good nature, as to shelter myself thus under your patronage, when I have been indebted to YOUR GRACE by such a mark of distinction already: but it is from another impulse that I am now directed, it is not with a view of bespeaking fresh favours, but of expressing my thankfulness for past, that I have been forced (by an ardour almost irresistible) on this attempt.
And

DEDICATION. v

And there are no considerations, that I know of, which forbid us at any time to make a grateful acknowledgment of our obligations: a pure, and single regard to which, and the painful sensations I have endured in suppressing them, have been the real, the only motive, (joyful to the first occasion your Grace's generosity has so very lately given me,) for troubling you with this *Dedication*.

It is scarcely possible for us to taste the indulgencies of a fine sky, and a cherishing sun, and not express the pleasures we receive from their benefits. Your GRACE, in the exalted sphere where providence has conspicuously fixed you, bears resemblance to that glorious planet. You are every day making numbers happy, yet, (from a willing inobservance of your own merits,) insensible yourself to all that good you do; unwearied in dispensing, and inexhausted by communicating; unlike the glittering multitude around you, of less beneficial (and less distinguished influence) You, *warm, as well as shine.*

How amiable, how dignified is power when enlarged and adorned by such bene-

vi DEDICATION.

ficence ! how enobled by such an elegance and sweetness of nature and manners ! how exalted by such a glorious humility, as your grace has immortalised for imitation by your own lovely, living example ! The advantages you receive from birth and quality, as eminent as they are in themselves, are of a secondary nature to those you acquire from intrinsic worth, and afford but inconsiderable satisfactions, in the comparison, to a mind animated like YOUR GRACE's with the prospects you have (laid up for you in sure reversion) of a brighter diadem and richer rewards. It is the still nobler advantage you gain from religion, it is the more dignifying hope of the *Christian*, that enables YOUR GRACE to live, *now*, so superior to the world about you, that gives the display to so many celestial and immortal virtues, and finishes your endearing character ; such a one, as can challenge by its transcendent lustre (to use Mr HERBERT's thought)

*The brightest day,
The clearest diamond, let 'em do their best.*

Others owe to meer extraction and outward acquirements their appearance and
gran-

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

grandeur, and receive new encrease of honours from wealth and names. They *wear* titles, you *adorn* them; they by a contracted selfishness, a forbidding, distancing pride, and a senseless ostentation, let us see, unhappily, what human greatness is; you, show us what it SHOULD BE.

These are some of your many splendours which I have silently admired in my approaches to YOUR GRACE. Obscured, indeed, and weaken'd in the manner they are represented, by a dim, and faint reflection; yet they are the efforts and genuine lineaments of a naturally plain and honest heart, which knows not what it is to be corrupted by any inclinations, arts, or hopes, either to defame or flatter. Disimulation and ingratitude are two of those things which I have in the utmost detestation. The opinion and voice of the world will justify me from being suspected of the *former*, in whatever I can have said of YOUR GRACE: and by thus publicly owning the kind notices you have been pleased, undeservedly, to take of me, which have given some of the happiest moments to my life, I shall avoid the charge of the *latter*. When I am speaking the best

viii DEDICATION.

and greatest things of YOUR GRACE, I am saying but what *every one says of you*. A tribute of honour no *sovereignty* upon earth has in its power to exact, but that of *sovereign* excellence; a sole prerogative of it, and a more than royal revenue. The purest and truest mouth that ever spoke has told us, in a circumstance exactly parallel with your own, that "*A city which is set on a Hill cannot be hid;*" and nothing can prevent YOUR GRACE's being troubled with the hearing of your own praises (however disagreeable they will be always thought by yourself) but the doing one thing, which I am sure it is impossible for YOUR GRACE ever to do—the *living less worthy of them*.

But I will venture no farther in indulging a passion so prevalent over my heart, which has transported me, by a dangerous ambition, to attempt a subject too delicate, to admit of any touches from my rude, and unmasterly hand. I ought to be exceeding cautious how I conduct myself in a concern of so important, affecting, and interesting a consequence, since I can seriously assure YOUR GRACE, that, with regard to my temporary apprehensions, and sentiments, I have no felicity in this life to
hope,

DEDICATION. ix

hope, beyond the possessing, tho' in the smallest, happy degree, your favour and good opinion ; and nothing left, for me to fear (if I should by any accident ever prove so miserable) after I have incurr'd your displeasure.

I am,

May it please YOUR GRACE,

with the very sincerest duty,

gratitude and respect,

YOUR GRACE'S,

most faithful, obliged, and

April 26,
1749.

obedient Servant,

MOSES BROWNE.

The PREFACE.

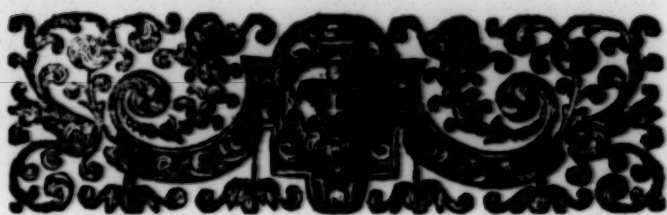
SEVERAL years are past since I first applied myself to write so much of this poem as is now published, with a design to relieve my thoughts, under a melancholy but too habitual to me; produced by a variety of long and afflictive trials which I have struggled with in the course of a life, in its allotments very distant from my wishes, and which the reader will perceive at his entrance on this piece, lay with too unhappy a weight upon my spirits. I had then, and a considerable time after, no intentions to have proceeded farther upon this subject, than with what I have done in this place, which comprises all that was necessary to be said of it, in a general method. But I fell into a persuasion that I could still make it appear more entertaining and useful; and (what above all things I desired) of service to the interests of piety, if I carried it on to a farther length by some additional thoughts, *on the various parts of the LORD'S DAY, and its several employments*; where some subjects will offer, of a more poetical nature in themselves than the present, and which I purpose in their turns shall follow. As christians, we are by profession engaged, by duty call'd upon, in the periodical, frequent returns of this solemn season, to pay it our religious reverence; the regular observance of which, by a divine appointment, is the only probable means of keeping up any due regards for God in the world, and our acquaintance with the methods of our recovery by a Saviour; as the neglect and profanation of it (so observable and prevailing every

In my observations about duly sanctifying the LORD'S DAY, I have avoided the extremes of those who would superstitiously load it with the severities and bondage of a legal, *Jewish sabbath*, and the relaxing principles of others, who would change a gospel liberty into licentiousness; the reproof of which I have, with more tenderness than asperity undertaken, in those moral complaints, that are to be found toward the close of the poem.

If any persons, from a weaker, or, perhaps, a better judgment (for I am not ignorant what may be said for either side of the controversy) should be offended with my having given their contemplations the title of SUNDAY Thoughts, I have only to say, that common acceptance and consent have given authority for using *that name*; the original, corrupt sense of which is long since worn out and forgotten, and answers to the same intentions with the *Feria prima, secunda, &c.* insisted on with so much heat in the *Romish Decretals*. And in the *Rubrics and Canons* of our protestant church, the day is established by that name, as *Easter-Sunday, Trinity-Sunday, &c.* as among the antient fathers *Tertullian* expressly calls it *Dies solis*, * *Sunday*, and *Eusebius*, and *Justin Martyr*, † by the self same phrase *ἡμέρα ἡλίου*, or *Sunday*. It is sufficient that by this title every one knows what it is I mean; and my desire is to have to do with men, who have the sense to express their ingenuity and candour, by the regard they pay to meanings more than names.

SUN-

* *Apol. c. xvi.*† *Apol. ii.*



SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART I.

CONTAINING THE

PUBLICK, FAMILY,

AND

SOLITARY DUTIES.



UTE with conceal'd distress, joy-
widow'd long,

My own sad burthen, had my tune-
less mind

Disconsolate, life-wearied, dropt the lyre ;

B

Nor

2 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. Part. I.

Nor purpos'd more, nor wish'd, with charm to
wake

The once relieving string. So lost with me
Care's cheerer, Hope, by disappointments fled
My breast forlorn. Ah ! that deceiver fair !
My spirits broke, and fill'd with worst presage ;
A mind benighted, and a wasting frame.

JESUS ! dear name of love ! O Saviour God !
After long absence, how divinely sweet
Thy felt return ! like instantaneous health,
Delightful, to a wretch by sickness worn,
Snatch'd back miraculous from dying pangs.
He comes ! pain's balm, the healing visitor,
The sympathizing friend. Wake, languid soul !
Wake from dark cares, my sorrow-sinking heart !
Sad as the pensive, wint'ry *Philomel*,
Silenc'd from song : by melancholy's gloom,
By griefs unyielding to the muse's charm.
With kindled zeal- with fresh-felt love resume
Thy

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 3

Thy wonted labour ; not (perhaps) my least,
If heavenly goodness please the strain divine
To dictate, and assist her kindred theme.

The high CREATOR had his *six days* works
In man compleated, man the crown of all ;
Gracious, his *seventh*, th' approving ARCHITECT
(Not with that dread solemnity with which
On thund'ring *Sinai* he promulg'd his law
In majesty of terroure) view'd the plan
All beauteous, and his *hallow'd rest* ordain'd.
When our new parents on his *sabbath's* morn
Existence, with devotion's acts, began :
And eucharistic sacrifice first paid
To their kind FORMER. Then the *morning*
stars
(Bright, eldest servants of th' empyreal courts)
Together sang, and with symphonious shout
From all his worlds, the *sons of God* rejoyc'd.
O ! what a *sabbath* that of heavenliest bliss !

4 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

Angels, and man on earth, and GOD with man
 Inharmonis'd ; the only *such* perhaps
 By unfa'n *Adam* known, elaps'd so soon.
 (Such the redeem'd, eternal, yet shall know)
 But *this*, soon darken'd, by our first offence,
 Long since, the risen SAVIOUR hath annul'd.
 (LORD OF THE SABBATH, *tho' the son of man*)
That, foil'd, exchanging for his brighter day.

Long cou'd not death in weak-impris'ning
 bands
 (Impossible) the LORD of *life* detain,
 Nor the vain *priestly seal*, nor *Roman* watch.
 (Pick'd *Veterans*, befare, of stoutest heart ;
 No doubt inspected too by mingling spies
 Of *Jewish* zealots, curious for th' event,
 The *priests* themselves, perhaps, or trusted
 friends)
 Availefs all, th' appointed *third-day's* morn
 (First of the week) had scarce unbarr'd the skies,
 But

6 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P.I.

Before the rest, to favour'd *Magdalene* ;
 (Oft finds the guiltiest sinner signal grace)
 Then to th' *eleven*, on the next *first day* eve
 Met all for prayer, convincible to the test
 Of sight and touch. Full forty blisful days
 Conversing, was he seen ; revealing laws
 Of his new kingdom*, when his little flock
 To *Bethany* he led, ascending thence
 With words of blessing, visibly to heav'n ;
 So † to return again to waiting faints.

Hail morn ! more sacred than creation's light,
 When JESUS rose ! accomplishing a work
 In man's redemption happier than his birth.
 Thee, holier *sabbath*, may I rise to hail,
 To sing thy honours, and reprove a world
 Forgetful of its SAVIOUR. O what pangs
 My secret thoughts have felt ! the griefs to view
 Of slighted *Sion* ; in the hallow'd rest

Of

* *Acts* i. 3.

† *Acts* i. 11.

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 7

Of CHRIST, dishonour'd! Now let pity move,
(Let large philanthropy for erring man)
To win the wand'rer from the path of death.
And thou, dear SPIRIT OF GOD! so wont to
 blefs

The day of JESUS, quickning with thy pow'r
The fin-dead soul, regenerate by thy word :
O teacher, friend, and comforter of saints,
Smile on my work of heart-felt charity ;
That to thy influence, some at least, some breast
May melt, and angels† taste a new-caus'd joy.

Dear HERVEY ! in whose page, communing
 oft',

Our souls affociate (twin-born souls are ours !)
Cast in one mould, cemented by one taste,
Wrought to one likeness, temper'd in one flame,
Nurs'd by one judgment, tutor'd to one theme;
Dear, as if present to my visual sense,

(Myft'ry

† *Luke xv. 10.*

8 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

(Myft'ry of vulgar minds) tho' never feen;
 Tho' diftant, in ideal fight retain'd,
 With kindnefs like fraternal fympathy;
 While in thy fhades of *Wefton**, haply, now
 Sweet labours new thy genius *meditates*,
 In profe, ear-rapturing like the voice of fong.
 O mild of cenfure! fhall my lay engage
 Thy gentle approbation, that delights
 With her love-impuls'd verfe to join thy name.

If thou and I (corruption's children we,
 Both in *original* pravation born)
 If *we*, by faith's elucidating beam
 Heav'n-favour'd, have discern'd our nature's
 thrall,
 Her ficknefs, impotence, and *bleeding* cure,
 Which her pride *will not*, blindnefs *cannot* fee,
 Shall pity be deny'd her fuit humane

For

* *Wefton Flavel*, near *Northampton*, the refidence of
 the above-nam'd reverend, polite, and ingenious gen-
 tleman.

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 9

For kindred bondmen ? brethren yet, in chains ?
Shall not the feeling heart, the weeping eye,
The suppliant knee, their succours intercede ?
Their freedom, at the mediatorial throne ?

See on *Augusta's* tall, ascending spires
The lamp of morn has shot his whitening beam.
Fair structures, rear'd for blest religion's use.
But where the living temples wilt thou find
Of God ? where most his presence loves to
 dwell,

Where man ? the favourite sanctuary of heav'n !
Some on the bed of sloth, in sleep supine
False rest indulging, or in wine's mad dream,
Fast captiv'd, or the folds of deadly sin.
Some wakeful with th' alarm of worldly care,
Base *mammon* ; or on roving pleasures call'd
Ill-tim'd, th' *all-holy season* to profane.
Can'st thou not find the few ? the pious few ?

(Ah

10 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

(Ah were their numbers more!) whose hearts,
prepar'd,

In secret join the fellow saints above,
Leagu'd in their blest employs, and well ap-
prov'd

By their all-seeing gracious FATHER's eye?
Can'st thou not mix in spirit with their train?
Lift from dull earth thy thoughts? from sensual
scenes?

And soar with *kindred souls to long'd-for heaven?*

CHRIST's holy pilgrim! wake! a brother's
voice

Alarms thee, 'tis thy duty's friendly call.
Break from thy temperate rest of nature pure,
Of freest thought, of stillest silence calm,
Of *sought* retirement 'tis thy choicest hour.
In secrecy (like *Moses*) first thy self
Ascend the mount alone, and prostrate there

With

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. II

With GOD, thy own, thy dear, thy vast con-
cerns

Transact ; and taste the parent-kiss divine.

Then, mild, assemble next thy household charge,
(If heav'n has will'd thee in a trust so high)

Them to the throne conduct, together bend,

Commingle'd interests, banded in one work,

One little, sweet society of love.

Their morning sacrifice, the great high-priest

Receiving, on his golden altar laid,

Shall with his incense offer ; and return

The quested blessings, from auspicious skies.

The awful time advances, and requires

An early presence at the *temple's* gates.

How meet the service, when the solemn hour

Calls to the house of prayer, God's earthly
courts !

How dear th' assembled family of heav'n,

All children of one father, round the throne

Pre-

Presenting large their wants, with joynt address,
 By the lov'd LORD, their *elder brother's* * hands !
 How sweet to waft the hymn of grateful praise,
 Loud melody of *Sion*, and attend
 The gracious *preacher*, dropping manna down,
 The bread of craving souls. O fix me then !
 (The heav'nly dew thick-showering round my
 tent)

Not in the form of light philosophy ;
 Those metaphysic figments crude and bold,
 The *Stagyrite's* dogma, or *platonick* dream ;
 Root to foul heresies of eldest growth.
 Nor seat me, list'ning in attention waste
 On windy sounds, the *rhetorician's* charm ;
 Or modish *reasoner's* proud theology :
 When the *meer moral* lesson aims to sooth
 With eloquence the vainly-curious ear.
 Dead, tasteless letter ; which the heathen school
 Of *Seneca*, or *Tully*, better teach,

Than

* *Heb.* ii. 11, 12.

Than modern oratory dares to boast.

But place me where the *true evangelist*,

CHRIST's *minister*, the *gospel* page unfolds,

Full of experience ; where the piercing word

May find the sinner's pride, and lay him deep

In humbling terrors of the killing law.

Then *faith*, *repentance* then, both *gifts* of
heav'n,

Once deem'd so easy, seem his hardest task.

Conviction gives no power to conquer sin,

The work alone of grace ; *this* lets him see

His danger, wants, dependance, weakness,
strength.

Fresh from the stores of sovereign, healing love,

The *blood* of JESUS, ease-renewing balm

To wounded hearts, the kind *physician* brings,

A welcom'd cure ; and lets th' offender know

(Led thro' his struggles of the second birth)

Life-pleading *faith*, that *justifying act*,

(An empty hand to clasp a tender'd gift)

14 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. Part. I.

Faith (in its OBJECT'S MERIT, not its own)
 Shall win his pardon with th' indulgent king:
 His pardon *ample, everlasting, free*;
 That can, *ere works*, * *th' ungodly justify*,
 Yet GOD *be just*: CHRIST's royal donative,
His, made by purchase, all by *gift* made ours.
 Free, to the *chief of sinners*, to the brand
 Half-burning pluck'd from hell, so large his boon
 To *man*, tho' loaded with the worst of crimes.
 O root of hope! O proof of heavenly grace,
 Too inconceivable for worms below!
 Behold! the caitiff, (once) and view him chang'd;
 How wond'rous! him, a sentenc'd rebel late,
 A favourite now, belov'd! long foe to GOD,
 Now dearest friend! a *native child of wrath*,
 And now an *heir adopted*! late a *slave*
 Of abject *hell*, now own'd a *prince of heav'n*!

So if the passenger some stately pile

Ma-

* Rom. iv. 5.

Majestic work, beholds, with vaulting domes,
 And columns, *Tuscan* or *Corinthian*, rear'd
 Where desert late was seen, or ruins waste,
 He stops, in pleasure fix'd, in wonder aw'd,
 And owns the beautiful mutation, strange,
 Effect of skill divine, of godlike pow'r.

Droop not, dejected *convert*, oft' to feel
 Corruption's rising strife. True christian peace
 Is earn'd by sharpest toil. Faith *must* have proof:
 Heav'n always tries its gift. Thy fight, (tho'
 hard,

Tho' long, thro' many a foil with deep dismay
 Sustain'd) the truth will show of inward grace:
 Grace by its trials only can be known.
 Distrust thy own frail power, but keep thy eye
 On thy great *captain* for victorious strength;
 Fenc'd round by his almighty *panoply*,
More shalt thou be than conqu'rer, hardier grow
 Thy holy courage; then shall joy divine,

16 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

Raptures unknown, dilate thy ravish'd heart,
Known but to *saints*, the foretastes of their heav'n.

So when foul night enwraps the louring air
In hideous shade, the winds with rocking gust
Tempestuous roar : while from the warring
clouds

Blaze livid lightnings, and in frequent peals
Bursts the dread thunder — if at welcome dawn,
In radiant calm ascends the smiling *sun*,
All nature opes her sweets, the fields and
flowers,

Drest in fresh blooms, unusual brightness wear,
And cheer the senses with redoubled charm.

Sin, still in-dwelling, the regen'rate mind
Oft combats ; struggling for divested power.
And rallying with a tyrant's desp'rate rage,
Encaptiv'd leads the faint, too prone to yield.
But then the pangs it costs him ! what remorse

De-

Descriptionless, at ev'ry sad review !
 The deep-renew'd repentance ! warm with faith,
 That vital principle, *that ne'er shall fail.*
 His pitying father *in his book records*
His sighs, and counts his safe-embottled tears.*
 Yet *this shall work his good, by ruling grace.†*
This lights up self-acquaintance, opens more
 His labyrinth-folds within, of hid deceit.
 His nature's dread revolt, his guilt's deserts,
 His helpless misery, tells, *Corruption's taint,*
 Black, ulcerous sore, of depth unfindable ;
 The leprous heart's hereditary plague.
This the divine physician more endears,
 Shows him his skill, his faithfulness, his love ;
 In-taught experience gives him, of the worth
 Of his rich *pleadings, righteousness, and blood :*
This keeps him humble, watchful more in
 prayer ;
 Made, like *Antæus*, stronger by his falls.

C 3

His

* *Psal.* lvi. 8.

† *Rom.* viii. 28.

18 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

His *slips* direct him ; sea-marks, set to warn
A safer course ; experienc'd how to steer.

So if, enamouring sense, a verdur'd path,
Flatt'ring with water'd walks, and arching
bowers,

For deadly snare by some enchanter made,
'The trav'ler lures from his intended way,
'Till the black clouds appear, and setting sun,
'The conscious wand'rer, sad in lost dismay,
'Turns back, in haste, his happy road to gain ;
'Then marks each step with more suspicious care.

Judge not (too rash) thy state, by present
frames ;

Faith has its flows, its ebbs, and dormancy :

Its habit may be fix'd, its acts unsure.

(Hypocrisy has oft her fit of zeal).

Wait on the SPIRIT's witness, truth to clear
By luminations of th' unerring *Word*.

So

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 19

So on the dial's plane insculptur'd lie
The hours unnotic'd, till the *lucid beam*
Points to th' enquirer out his stage of day.
Be oft' in self-inspection, *know thy self*
(Next thy blest MAKER, next thy SAVIOUR
known)
Best, happiest science man can reach to know.

The *preacher's* merit rate not by thy ear,
His phrase, his accent : mean respect of taste.
Taste is the childish judgment's hum'rous pride.
To truth thy reverence pay, and not its dress ;
Esteem him for his embassy : the blame
Of mis'd improvement oft'nest is our own.
Meer planters are *Apollos*, and a *Paul* ;
Growth is the SPIRIT's gift, *his* virtual act
Alone ; *his* vital, germinating dew
Shed in the soul ; his influential *beam*.

Make far, far progress in religion's path :

Most

Most at her entrance stop, truth's painful way,
 Lab'ring with burden up the steep ascent,
 Weaken'd and faint with *Sisiphean* toil.
 Their *works not perfect* : like the *Babel* pile ;
 Or like the web of fam'd *Penelope*,
 By night unravel'd, what was wrought by day.
 Wishful of *settled rest*, be earnest *thou*,
 Be arduous, be unwearied. Doubts, complaints,
 Rise from our negligent, our carnal frames.
 Weak currents earliest feel the wintry frost,
 That never binds their busy, bubbling springs.
 Divorce thy *Idols*, those adult'rous loves.
 If guile hold slend'rest interest in thy heart,
 Thy course will slack, and ruffled grow thy hope.
 A crossing *bulrush* in the limpid brook
 Its stream will check, and fret its even brow.
 So the hurl'd pebble in the silent pool
 Spreads a wide circle to its farthest shore.
 Get prov'd sincerity ; *all* must be sold,
All, for the purchase of *heav'n's costly pearl*,

Gain

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 21

Root of assurance, peace and grounded joy.

Are all converted ? suits one general stile
The *saint and sinner* ? no just diff'rence made ?
This, to the cordial promises of life,
That, to the threats of endless death consign'd ?
This, safe in CHRIST ? endanger'd alien *that* ?
One, chang'd ; approv'd in works of *living faith* ?
The *other*, dead in *loathsome nature* still ?

The faint, how sometimes need his wand'ring
steps

The questing *shepherd's* kind restoring care.
The *sheep of CHRIST*, shall one be ever lost ?
In their Lord's hand eternally secure*.
Yet these the *gospel pastor* must reclaim,
The distant, grossly-stray'd, alarm with fear :
Their danger from th' infernal prouling wolf,
Watchful to spoil them. Yet compassionate,

His

* *John x. 28.*

22 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

His voice shou'd lamb-like hearts more softly call;
Gently reduct, their strengthless faintings cheer,
And rest them, safely lodg'd, within the fold.

O *Israel's shepherd!* large thy pitying heart
(Love strange!) to thy backsliding fugitive;
Ev'n in the wilderness* thy flock to leave,
Thy *whole, dear flock*, to seek *one wand'rer* lost,
One, poor, lost, single wand'rer, worthless charge,
Borne in thy tender arms rejoicing home.

Preacher of in-felt trials, hear him tell
The sorrows and supports of tempted souls.
How God upholds 'em, by his secret hand
Mysterious, in the long, foul, loud, night-storm
Of dark desertion: O! the sure, safe stay,
Recumbence on *paternal DEITY!*
Black hour of terrors! when th' assaulted
thoughts

With

* *Luke xv 4.* In these discouraging circumstances the christian may relieve himself from another passage exceedingly consolatory, *Jer. iii. from 12 to 23 v.*

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 23

With *Satan* conflict ; and his fiery darts
CHRIST's trembling soldier roil, in hell-bred
fray.

By *suff'ring patience*, by *belief's* try'd shield
Best warded, and the might of conq'ring prayer.
Sharp warfare ! to *my* faith severely known.

Well shall the skilful *teacher* bend his pains
The thoughtless mind to rouse by awes of death ;
When *angels* ministr'ring, or waiting fiends
To order'd worlds shall parting souls convey,
Uncertain summons, soon to pass on all !
—To warn of *judgment*, strict-accounting time
For trusted *talents*, life's important charge.
—Of heav'nly *crowns* to tell, of *penal chains*,
Endless duration. (O *eternity* !
Thou vast idea !) — In conceited hearts
Lull'd into stupid safety, unrenew'd,
To humble nature's *fleshy confidence*,
Chief bar to CHRIST.—To shake *formality*,
False-

False-trusted rest.—Clear *scripture* marks to show
 For man's *self-proof*, his *safe* or *dang'rous* state.
 The privileges of th' *adopted heir*,
 Union with JESUS, *nuptial fellowship*,
Affurance, *filial liberty*, and *free*
Access, with *holy boldness*, near the throne.
 Nor less shall it advantage him to learn
 His needful cautions, *pride* in *heav'nly* gifts,
 Fond *worldly love*, *remissness* in his watch,
Slips, sure fore-runners of a shameful fall.

Th' aright divider of the saving word,
 Tho' the dread glories of the FATHER's name,
 And his dear counsels, deep, of *antient love* :
 Tho' GOD THE SPIRIT, his *personality*,
 His *teachings*, *in-felt presence*, *joys*, and *aids*
 (Truths, brightly obvious thro' the *scripture*
 page,
 Howe'er disown'd in our apostate day :)
 Tho' JESU's *natures*, *merit*, *offices*,

Yet

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 25

His mean, and glorious *advent*, cross, and crown;
Tho' these lead most, best lead the sacred theme,
Yet righteousness, the christian's *rule of life*,
What forms his temper, sanctifying truths,
Heav'n's scribe neglects not, lessons sweet to saints.
(*All holy his elect, below'd of GOD**).

Doctrine and practice, faith and answ'ring fruits,
Inherent rectitude that *sits for heav'n*,
How well ye mingle! *works*, how well enforc'd
By gospel motives! laws of CHRIST, the king.

The *preacher's* task is done — but wilt thou
go?

Go yet so soon? from thy best blessings haste?
Lo! that rich *table*! where the *bread of life*,
Spread by all-pitying goodness, open stands
To wretches, famish'd with sin-pineing wants:
Lost *prodigals*, with favour welcom'd home.
The *King* himself is enter'd; from his host

D

Of

* *Colos. iii. 12.*

26 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. Part. I.

Of prostrate *angels* that more distant wait,
 How gracious, see ! he moves to mortal friends !
 How kindly, hark ! to ev'ry guest he calls !
 Ah ! wherefore wou'dst thou fly ? he calls to
 thee,

Poor trembling sinner, pale with causeless fears.
 To thee heart-humbled *publican*, self-deem'd
 Unfit, unworthiest, welcome therefore most.
 Stay — thy mild *sov'reign* bids thee — taste his
 feast,

Will'd thee by love, his *dying*, dear command.
 —But why, intruding stranger, tarriest thou ?
 Proud *Pharisee*, without the *wedding robe*,
 Cenforious, hateful spy, of life unclean ?
 Why thou, mask'd hypocrite ? dissembled friend ?
 With trait'rous kiss re-acting *Judas'* guile.
 Wretch ! thou ? whom gain of secular employ
 Alone has brought, the banquet to profane ?
 Bold innovator, unprepar'd and vile ?
 Expect ! the *Lord* of his dishonour'd board

Shall

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 27

Shall note thee, and pronounce vindictive doom.

The *bread* is blest : reach forth thy thankful
hand

And take — “ *memorial of thy dying LORD*”.

Not *transubstantiate*, blood, and flesh, and bone,
Whole, very CHRIST, *Rome’s idol*, big with sin :

Nor as *consubstant* with the elements

By partial presence, *Luther’s* dark deceit :

Nor yet as *meer exemplar*, dream’d by some

Traducive of his glory : more, be thine,

Sacrificial remembrance, of the price

Our ransom ; paid in blood for deadliest guilt.

Oh ! hide thy shame-spread face, and turn thy
eyes

In mournful prospect back to *Calv’ry* now,

Back to the *garden*, to the dolorous ground .

Grief-moisten’d with his *blood-sweat agony*.

Ah ! what that agony ? — ah ! felt for
whom ?—

D 2

Say,

28 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

Say, *Angel* *! near him then, that heard, beheld,
Thy humbled MAKER, (*agoniz'd* thyself)
What? — but thou can'st not say! — no thought
can pierce

Of *man* or *angel* that profound of pains.
'Twas his soul's travail, sorrow's sharpest throe,
'Twas *love's* delivery of a new-born world.
Miraculous! from dead now living born—
Fix, *meditation*! still, thy tear-brim'd eye!
From earth he rises, rise and follow thou
Thy JESU still, (tho' left of ev'ry friend)
To *Annas*'s, *Herod*'s, *Pilate*'s guilty hall,
His triple cavalcade of solemn scorn.

Oh! thro' what streights of shifting pageant
woes!

Slow, linger'd, studied miseries! matchless all!
Stoop'd thou to sufferings, patient *son of God*!
How meek he stands the charge of venal
tongues!

Lamb-

* *Luke* xxii. 43.

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 29

Lamb-like before his cruel shearers dumb.

But ah ! behold him now ! behold him bound

(Tho' faultless own'd) by his unrighteous *judge* !

Abus'd by buffetings (by taunts, that loud

His dread omniscience dare) with scourges torn ;

To injuries, mocking join'd, and rude contempt,

His sceptre-reed, and bloody thorny-crown.

Ah still behold ! if thou can'st bear the view,

See ! thy dear *sacrifice*, beneath his *cross* ;

(Like typeal *Isaac*) bending with its weight !

Merc'less ! all fainting, to the baleful tree

They nail *my* JESUS ! — left to bitt'rest woes,

And dereliction ! sport of hellish *Jews*.

—Ah ! brand not *Jews*, our sins (procuring
cause)

Thy sins, *believer* ! wrought his change of woes,

Thy sins and *mine* ! these forc'd his sanguine
sweat,

Rent him with stripes, fix'd deep the bloody
thorn,

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 31

This grace? and not a *whole degenerate world*?
Unfathomable thought! *love's myst'ry* all!

Still, mercy waits thee.—Take: “*the saving
cup*”,

To him, of bitt'rest sorrows, fill'd with wrath;

To thee, of rich redemption, dearly bought.

Blessings assur'd; the *covenant in his blood*

Seal'd with the FATHER. *He*, to be a GOD,

To *thee* a GOD, all-comprehending tye:

Thou, to be his, devoted: happiest bond!

Drink; the sweet pledge of *union, sonship, bliss.*

O cordial! felt mysterious in the soul! ..

Law, dreadful justice, conscience, satan, guilt,

All silenc'd, by one draught from JESU's love!

Touch'd, captiv'd, raptur'd, aw'd, all extasy'd!

All lost! in trembling wonder, thy embrace

I meet, thou heavenly *bridegroom*! ah! repeat,

My life! my sweetness! those connubial vows

(Soft,

32 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

(Soft, as when first the sounds betroth'd my soul)

“THY MAKER IS THY HUSBAND”*. O!

repeat

Earth, air, and skies th' eternal echoes round,

“THY MAKER IS THY HUSBAND”,—’tis for

words

(Th’ o’erwhelming blifs) too vast! for thoughts

too full!

Ye nymphs of *Solyra*, my bridal friends,

That view my shudd’ring pangs, my speechless

joy,

Tell my soul’s lord, the too too lovely — (ah!

By pity’s softness I adjure ye!) tell

My prince! my charmer! — *I am sick of love.*

Turn thy sweet eyes away! their beams o’erpower,

With ravishments too soft, my fainting sight!

—Yet hold me near thee! *set me as a seal,*

Deep

* *Isaiab* liv. 5. I would affectionately recommend to the pious believing reader’s perusal, this amazing passage, down to verse 11. than which, I think, there is not any one more remarkable, and more singularly comforting in the whole *book of God*.

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 33

*Deep on thy dear dear heart ! for strong as death
Are the fond ardours of impatient love ;
Its jealousies more cruel than the grave.*

—And art thou mine ? the dread, dear lover
mine ?

Th' espousing GOD,—ah me ! a worthless bride !
How base, how poor ! bow prostrate thoughts
in praise,

In grateful thanks : with all thy purest fires,
Flame, kindled heart : bend choice, affections,
will ;

Be wholly his the life his pity fav'd.

Go, christian ! with th' endearing pledges seal'd
Fresh on thy soul, resembling pattern show
How JESUS liv'd ; thy lov'd and loving LORD.
Go, copy his humility, his zeal
To glorify his FATHER, his contempt
Of vain, base earth ; *disciple of his cross.*
His temp'rance copy, resignation, truth :

His

His meekness, pity, large benevolence :
 His godlike fortitude, firm constancy :
 His love of holy privacy and prayer.
 Go, happy *fav'rite*, feed his pining poor,
 Silent in patient want ; the friendless poor,
 His suff'ring int'rest (by the selfish world
 Neglected) merit little mark'd below.
 Thy *saviour-judge* thy love-remember'd work
 With echoed *Eugé* shall applaud and crown.

Shall not this rite the charity enlarge
 Of brethren, differing by dissensions small ?
 Differing, not disunited ; members still
 Of one, same body : branches in one vine :
 CHRIST's fold, tho' many : *all but one*, his
 spouse,
 SPIRIT of *grace* ! peace-breathing *Paraclete* !
 Thy children nearer bring, bring nearer yet
 In love thy faints. This bridal supper make
 Their *eucharist*, their *agape* : of joy

The

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 35

The season known, a feast of heavenly friends.

O LAMB OF GOD ! self-humbled, once, to
death

On the vile *cross* ! when ? in exalted pomp,
When ? to thy whole elect, shalt thou return
With full salvation ? to that day thy church
Looks from these sad *memorials*. LAMB OF GOD !
Haste, to be more admir'd by joyful saints.

O LAMB OF GOD ! by thy *once-offer'd* blood
Here represented, offer'd *once* for all,
Perfect thy holy people ; keep the flock,
Thy dying purchase, by thy wakeful eye
And presence, hourly guarding. LAMB OF GOD !
Here often meet them, and record their vows.

The solemn work is over—hear ! the *priest*,
With awful mien, and lips of grace, pronounce
The parting benediction.—But is all,

All

All ended here ? is now the vacant time
For trifling visits ? for the vain discourse
Of worldly friends ? by nearer int'rests claim'd,
The calls, domestick, of intrusted souls.
The soft companion of thy life's vow'd hours,
Where, where is she ? thy other dearer self ?
Where her lov'd offspring ? wedlock's sweetest
bonds,

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 37

O'erlook'd, neglected in thy partial thought?
Subordination meer, of man to man.
Name of corporeal difference, not of souls.
Souls have one essence, one congenial life,
One dignity, one worth : in heav'n's high kin,
Nearest affinited ; one SPIRIT breath'd
Their virtues eminent, immortal, pure,
Impress of DEITY : one hapless fall
In guilt enthrall'd 'em, one rich blood redeem'd.
By dust thy brethren too, thy flesh, thy bone,
Parts of thy dread account, thy awful trust :
Parts of thy common nature :—shall not these
(Careful for thee) excite a grateful strife?
Of due returns some generous heaven-warm'd
zeal?
Large, best returns, a master's worthiest care.
Ah ! drop distinction now, while call'd to serve
One heavenly MASTER in thy *house of faith*.
By common wants, by common mercies joyn'd,
Joyn in petitions too, in mutual praise.

E

Re-

38 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. Part. I.

Retire — o'erlabour not youth's feeble
strength :

Thy cares devolve on safe maternal trust.
Thy task is done. To freer scenes retire ;
For lonely joys, for solitary sweets,
For friendliest counsels with the mental pow'r.
Yet, while deep-wand'ring in the paths of
thought,

If not so well the chamber's cloyst'ring walls
Thy health or temper suit, as open skies,
Or in the garden, or sequester'd field,
(Not where throng'd numbers range for grace-
less mirth)

At large thy meditating walk pursue ;
Reposing 'gainst thy hours of future want,
The *treasur'd word* with faithful memory.
So JESUS oft' to *Gethsemane's* shades,
Or some still mountain's heights, alone with-
drew.

Reli-

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 39

Religious musings may the pious breast
Raise from this earth, this *lower house* of GOD :
Heav'n's costly cabinet, of wonders full.
What ever some, of *rigid sanctity*
(So misconceiv'd) have taught, to gloom the
mind,
Forbidding ev'ry harmless use of sense,
Corrupting CHRIST's by *Jewish* discipline
Now vacated, use wisely thou thy grant
Of *gospel* liberty : *all place* is free ;
GOD, not the place considers, but the heart.
Yet, have a care ! thy own frail weakness
know ;
Know, and be watchful : to th' unguarded saint,
Oft', solitude proves worst society.
Fear *that unseen* OBSERVER, than thyself
More intimately present, and with *him*
Converse, in sweet ejaculated prayer.
O sweetest converse ! O grace-strengthening
pray'r !

Best work in private of the love-born soul.
 But if thy *mate*, or home-left *family*
Still, near demand thee ; if the *sick-pain'd*
friend,
 The *widow*, or all-helpless *fatherless*
 Thy visit need, thy lonely haunts refrain :
 Seek others welfare readier than thy own ;
 Most, pure religion dwells with charity.
 In *this* be like thy SAVIOUR : pattern fair
 Of heavenliest virtues, labouring good to all.

Are these the pleasures in religion's paths
 (Blest paths of safety) to be *only* found ?
 And will deluded man, perverse of heart,
 Self-cruel, on the world's infested wilds,
 Risque for vain toys the *jewel of his soul* ?
 View that tumultuous road ! how thick appear
 The sons of sportive folly ! bent on speed,
 When heav'n's high wisdom bids a sacred
rest.

Per-

Too oft' in dismal consequences rue'd ;
 Disease, neglected families, and loss
 Of strict paternal government, youth's bane.
 Presumptuous insult on almighty pow'r !
 Contemptuous scorn of sov'reign will ! that
 pow'r !

Heard in the thunder, in the light'ning *seen* ;
Felt in the angry wind !—his goodness too
 Lives free, diffus'd through wide creation's
 space.

And dares weak man ? dependent, subject
 man,

Affront the law of GOD ? his maker's law ?
 His governor ? his judge ? dares the vile
 worm,

Reptile of earth, defy the lord of heav'n ?

O native *Britain* ! land of *gospel* light !
 Favorite of heav'n ! professing purest truth !
 Seat of mild liberty to vice abus'd !

Justly,

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 43

Justly, dear parent ! do thy *virtuous* sons
Drop o'er thy matron neck the conscious
tear ;

Of thy insensate, iron progeny
The griev'd spectators : vex'd (like upright
Lot

In wrath-doom'd *Sodom*) while our mourning
streets

The nightly lewdness flames, the raging oaths
Of blasphemy, and *Circe's* bestial throng.

While musick in the *sober hours of morn*

Effeminates our isle ; waste, luxury,

And sloth engend'ring, sloth, worst social ill :

HE, who his *sabbath rest* ordain'd, enjoyns

Thy *six days labour* : sloth affronts his law.

Lamented view ! while on the devious stage,

Lewd *comedy* in loose intriguing dress

(Degenerate from the antient, worthier
scene)

Appears, seductive of the youthful heart ;

While,

44 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

While (blush to manners) on the midnight
sleep

In revels, wakes th' infernal *Masquerade*:

Transplanted vice of modern *Italy*,

Sink of dark superstition, sloth and sin.

Shall not, for guilt like this, long patient
heav'n

In judgments visit ? — O'er the slumb'ring
realm

Has shook (already felt) its milder rod.

Already war has thinn'd thy numerous sons,

In death left welt'ring on a foreign plain.

Rebellion, worst domestic fiend ! has rag'd

Thy frightened cities round : and through thy
herds

Long wafting *murrain*, threat'ning ghastly want,

Has breath'd contagious ; *breathes her threat'ning*
still.

Should locusts, summoning thy harvest fields

Their

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 45

Their legions call (whose scouts have late been
sent

To spy thy coasts) should broad-wing'd pest-
tilence

Her millions sweep away?—alarming thought!

How big with portent! O provok'd at last,

Shall not, for guilt impenitent? for guilt

Accumulate like thine, long-patient heav'n

Rise terribly vindictive? doom-full rise

To smite, to waste a vain-professing land?

Ah! pitied blindness of apostate man,
Made to be only in his MAKER blest,
Yet can in all, in all things pleasure know
But his dear FORMER: willing to be
known,

His to be known; his portion, father, guide;

His present guardian-friend, and *final good*.

O goodness! all parental; father still

Of

46 SUNDAY THOUGHTS. P. I.

Of man thy creature, man, though fall'n, not
loft ;

Enoch cou'd walk with thee, and *Abraham* ;
worms

With DEITY ; frail dust with mighty God.

Why may not now frail dust in favour
walk ?

Why not vile *me* ? thy pity's miracle,
Wonder of grace from foulest life reclaim'd,
A willing vot'ry, though thy feeblest child ?
O ! let down somewhat of thy heavenly self
In this dark breast, this hell-benighted heart !
Parent of life divine, some vital beam !
In privacies, my frequent lonely walk,
By hill, by field, by willow-arbour'd brook,
By twilight path of woods with closet-shade,
Alone from ev'ry eye (yet least alone
With thee all-present FATHER, mild of grace)
Thou deign'st me sweet communion ; while I
breathe

(With

P. I. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 47

(With love-uplifted hands, and eyes, and soul)
To thy communion sweet, returns I breathe
In prostrate thought, and vows, and murmur'd
prayer.

—He, whispers to my deepest solitude,
In pressures of my loneliest, saddest thought,
“ *Be undismay'd ; thy GOD is present here,
Is nigh, is with thee *; though through whelming
floods,*

*Thro' fires, thy path is mark'd : distress'd, and try'd.
Thy friend omnipotent, thy guardian strength
Accompanies thy steps ; is with thee still.*” —

I trust thy promises, I plead them o'er,
I urge them often on my sinking heart,
I drink into their sweetness deep, and taste
Their ravishments, and feel their cordial powers.

—Ye hills ! ye fields ! clear, willow-arbour'd
brook !

And woods with twilight path of closet-shades !

Love'd

* *Isaiah xli. 10. compar'd with xliii. 2.*

Lov'd haunts, that my celestial solaces
 Have seen, so oft' have heard my filial vows,
 Be witness to those interviews divine.
 Records of favour'd seasons, fast impress
 On grateful memory : like the votive stones
 In *Luz*, by solitary *Jacob* rear'd
 To *Padan* journeying. — These to meditate
 Thro' the dark lab'rins of my pilgrimage,
 Shall cheer its fablest glooms, its heaviest hours.
 By *JESUS* manumis'd from hellish bonds,
 A sentenc'd slave, the ransom'd in his blood,
 O dear *Emmanuel* ! (God in human flesh
 Intabernacled strange) my remnant days
 (Few days, alas ! of conscious evil full)
 Shall all in acts of love be vow'd to thee.
 Health, action, powers, will I be only thine :
 Soul, flesh, thy creature, consecrated all :
 Thy servant, only thine, redeeming LORD !
 By choice the self-devoted to thy fear.

Thus

Thus the poor, feathery captive, hard escap'd
With life, th' ensnaring *fowler's* deadly wile
With flutt'ring bosom hastes, (her timorous wing
Unbaiting) till of happy covert sure,
Hid in her cloyst'ring bow'r : there, safe at rest,
In her sweet shelter sits, too warn'd to roam :
Then, swells her note with more exulting joy.

End of the FIRST Part.

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SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

THE
MORNING'S MEDITATING WALK.

CONTAINING THE
INTERNAL, EARLY,
AND
PREPARATORY DUTIES.

Where (in the Cloſe)

Some important GOSPEL-TRUTHS, not ſufficiently conſidered by *Chriſtians*, are clearly and briefly ſtated.

By MOSES BROWNE.

PART II.

———— far from *Track of Men* :

Thought following *Thought*, and *Step* by *Step* led on——

—The Breath of *Heav'n* freſh-blowing, pure and ſweet,
With *Day-ſpring* born.

MILTON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I Have inserted two little detached pieces in this second part, in the manner of notes : at the 17th and 34th pages. Which I composed a great while since, and published elsewhere. They were parts of a work I had begun consisting of Meditations, designed as a Companion for the solitary Christian in his rural walks, and were all that I finished : One of which I afterwards chang'd into verse, and printed, at the end of a volume of poetry, (with this title *Musing by a River*) from whence I have now expung'd it, as more proper (together with the other) for this place. I designed also to have versified that, and interwoven it into the body of the poem : but it having become familiar to me by a long use ; and being at the time I wrote it a kind of extempory effusion of my heart, I must own, to myself it seem'd, and I hope it will be thought by the devout christian, more pleasing to have it in its simple, natural dress as I first conceived it, and as it came warm from my thoughts, than to give it another Form. For which reason, and the satisfaction of such, I have here distributed it at the bottom of the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th pages, just as it was originally written.

CON-



CONTENTS.

PROPER thoughts on the approach of a sabbath. The advantage of separating some time the evening before. The appearance of the dawn. Reflections upon rising—at walking abroad—on the pleasantness of the season—on a life of rural retirement—a morning hymn on ascending a hill, in a view of the surrounding prospects—reflections during a solitary wandering in a church-yard—observing a rookery—sitting by a river—a visit to a lonely abbey, and taking shelter in its ruins during the violence of a thunder-storm. Its horrors describ'd with some closing reflections on our late earthquakes—the sweet appearances in nature on the calm.——Carefulness of walking in the fields for meditation in the intervals of a LORD's day—one part of sabbath duties a remembrance of the works of creation; the other those of redemption. Various considerations and instances of the blessings and privileges of the latter—upon first hearing the bells from the different villages—the walk broke off; and an application to a timely attendance on religious ordinances in the house of God.



SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART II.

A MORNING'S MEDITATING WALK, CONTAINING THE INTERNAL, EARLY, and PREPARATORY DUTIES.



S one, belated on some perilous road,
(Whom, a fresh rumour of *night-*
murder done
Thrills with sad damp) at his own
tread dismay'd

Stops listning oft, then speeds him faster on :

B

If

If in the window of some friendly lodge
His eye, at length, discerns a *taper's* gleam,
His hope revives, fresh courage steels his heart.
So on his way the heavenly *Pilgrim* bent :
Thro' the world's waste, this howling wild of prey,
(Kept by the murderer *Satan* fast in quest)
Looks to the lamp of *Gospel* promises ;
In fainting fears his sustentation sweet,
Of cordial full ; with GOD his saving strength,
A *shield* to fend, a *sun* to light and cheer :
With CHRIST, by gracious *imputation* made
His righteousness ; that white imperial robe
By *saintly-spirits* — regenerate worn, and pure :
Espous'd by *faith* to heaven's *sole* heir the LAMB.
And in his breast the holy COMFORTER
Inhabiting, with *evidential* *Seals*,
What shall he dread ? tho' (from his FATHER'S
home
Absent and far) hell's snares in ambush thick
Beset his path, what shall GOD's fav'rite dread ?

Thro'

Thro' his worst thralls, assur'd to persevere ?

Six days has man in duteous toil employ'd :
His sum assign'd. And now the *Eve* appears,
Prelude to sweetest hours of holier *rest* ;
Kind respite, in the round of *week'y* time,
For travell'd dust to call it's labourer home
The partner *mind* ; to steal her from the throng
Of loud intruders, charg'd with wordly schemes ;
And strike a partial truce with mortal *care*.
To cleanse her soils, adjust her decent dress,
And mould her, in composure fit, to wait
Her call ; when she, on audience, soon shall meet
In his full court, the *universal* KING.
The chamber, for the milder *presence*, fix'd
Of condescending DEITY. So went
Th' obedient *Sire* * his dear, devoted Son
Conforting up th' *appointed mount* of GOD,

B 2

And

* *Abraham. Genesis* xxii. 5.

And, *inly* tended, with exclusion meet,
At distance, left *below* his *servile* train.

I sing to matchless SOMERSET : where'er
The changes lead me of this sacred theme
(Truths *evangelical* tho' plainly phras'd)
'Her's is the song. *Her* shining pattern view ;
Mark it ye great ! from *her* aspire to gain
By *goodness* love, true dignity from *sense*,
And exaltation by *humility* :
Blest gifts, the crown of *piety* and *faith*.
Her's is the Song ; auspicious prove it's art
As *she*, mild excellence ! auspicious proves.

See ! *night* has thinn'd her shades. The herald-
bird

Days watchful harbinger, with crowings loud
Gives signal. O ! like weeping *Peter* touch'd !
Duly let *me*, affecting monitor !

Thy

Thy summons hear. Th' illustrious *Persian* * thus
Diurnal, listen'd to the warning cry,
" *King ! thou art mortal.*" Moral voice, how harsh
In courtly roofs.——But mark ! the meek-ey'd
dawn !

Lights youngest daughter, drest in vesture pale,
With sweet, cool breath, descends from odorous
skies !

The *Sabbath* dawn, *first* of the week, and best.

" Up sleeper ! from thy bed. *At earlier hour*

" *From saddle bed, for thee thy SAVIOUR rose !*"

By memory warn'd, at the *lov'd name* I wake.

At the known, reverenc'd voice devoutly wake ;

I wake with GOD : *lost* in my thoughts and *first*

By *night* and *morn*. My guardian of the night,

My guide by day. Ah ! what is *lightless* day

Without *thy light* ? Ah ! what is *lifeless* life

Without *thy dear vitality* ? As *flowers*

Weeping in watry dews, their faces bend

B 3

To

* *Philip of Macedon.*

To their all-cheering parent's genial ray
 The soft'ring *sun*, so turns my soul to feel
 Her quick'ning FATHER. In thy arms of love
 Safe have I slept, thy arms of love *alone*
 Can safe-uphold me waking. Led by *thee*
 My footsteps now I trust in open skies ;
 In sacred meditation rapt ; to taste
 The fresh, prime fragrance of returning light :
 While bloomy *May*, deck'd amorous by *thy Hand*,
 Chaste-wooing ev'ry sense, by ev'ry charm,
 Courts, sweet, the *solitary walker's* eye.

Retirement ! thou celestial solacer !
 The care-tost *voyager's* dear, welcome *bay*,
 Faint with the beating storm of adverse life.
 Lot, most desir'd ! most happy ! — O ! with me
Fame, genius ; my ambition, av'rice, wealth,
 My little, amplest *whole of earthly good !*
 For *thee* I long have sigh'd — but sigh in vain !
 Most woo'd, yet unconsenting to my joy.

Yet cease I not by dawn, or evening hour
Thy lov'd resorts (tho' hopeless) still to haunt,
And vent my secret moan ; by dewy mead,
Dark cave, or vocal stream, or moon light grove.
Like some poor exil'd *lover*, who by stealth
Watches, when he his solitary walk
Can take ; in desperation to complain.
All that below (of calm, of good and pure,
Of bland, or rational, devout, or sweet,)
Is found in wisdom's school, to train, mature,
And lift sublime the heart, inhabits here.
Here shines the *Hero*, here *true greatness* lives,
Lives on *its own*, nor needs to ask without
(Hard penury) loans, from mean, dependant joys.
Leagued with the *Genii* of the place, meek *Peace*,
Fair child of virtue, and her sister nymph
Divine *Contentment* ; with her little blest :
The dower bestow'd on patient poverty.
Happiest abstraction from the tempting world !
Not monkish, slothful, sullen, and austere ;

The

The *Palmer's* penance and the *Hermit's* cell,
The false-religious *Bedlam's* beads and straw.
No couch for *Indolence* to hatch her dream :
But to repose for action ; to purge off
Rank *Envy's* gall, the lep'rous spot of *Pride*,
Dropt *Ambition*, *Pleasure's* feav'rish heats,
The *soul's* *consumptive* thirst of earthly bliss,
And her ill habits by example fix'd.
Where led in awful visits to *her self*,
Internal intimacies charm the heart.
The *home-bred stranger* entertain'd and pleas'd
Feasts with her kindred pow'rs, and happier grows,
Acquainted with the family within.
And from her centre thro' wide duty's sphere
(Of sacred and of social) looking round,
Notes her high birth ; and nobler walks abroad,
In acts of *faith*, *benevolence*, and *love*,
With rank superior, in the *moral* world.

Hail

Hail silent fields ! with your inhabitant
Blest *Contemplation* ! friendly to the muse.
Yet grateful interruption may ye here
By change admit ; of flocks that bleating feed,
And herds deep lowing, and the musick shrill,
Heard round me, of the insect's buzzing wing,
And, loud, of early birds the vary'd charm.
These praise their MAKER all, and lift in praise
The pious heart, to join in *nature's prayer*.
Nor things of voice alone, each humid *flow'r*
It's incense breathes to thee, each dewy *plant*
And *grassy spire*, thick-strung with native pearl.
ALMIGHTY FATHER ! flocks, and herds, and birds
Insects and flowers, and plants, all nature's births,
All praise thy goodness, *all* — but thankless man !
Man, *most ungrateful ! most obliged !* of all.

But see ! in mild, resplendent majesty,
See ! where ascending, the bright *orb of day*
Smiles from his eastern throne ; dispelling fast

Th'

Th' unwholsome mists, that with distemper'd shade
Hang on night's dusky rear, and hide from view
Surrounding prospects fair : of daisied meads
And wood-clad hills, with villa's intermix'd
Of antient aspect ; fram'd for rural peace,
Delightful residence ! and verdant groves
Of structure tall, and silver-skirting streams,
Winding thro' vales in *Flora's* wardrobes dress'd,
Or vary'd grain ; and mountain-heights beyond,
By distance blue, that lose themselves in sky.

How chang'd a prospect ! from the scene of late,
When *darkness*, nature's emblematic grave,
Had clos'd her in a temporary death ;
Annihilating colours, sense, and forms.
On ev'ry lid had shed her poppy dews,
And round *Creation's* silent bed had drawn
Her sable *curtains*, of nocturnal gloom.
Thus looks the *convert* (late in bondage lock'd
Of legal terrors : a tremendous *night*,)

Thus

Thus chang'd ! when on his sad, tenebrious soul
JESUS, the day-star, from above, shall rise
With *healing* balm beneath his radiant wings ;
JESUS, of *righteousness*, that brighter *sun* !

Is light so grateful to the human sense ?
Created light ? a faint, refracted ray ?
One, distant sun ? the shadow, *but*, of GOD ?
Dark *adumbration* of the DEITY ?
O ! what is *heav'n* ! that day of endless light ?
Where *saints* shall from th' essential fountain drink
Of radiance ! in GOD's *full*, *paternal* shine ?
Ah ! what is *hell* ? of ever-absent day
A night, all hopeless ! — and all endless too !

Welcome *bright influence* ? kindest gift of HIM
Who bid thy orb of splendours pour on earth
Life, health, and joy ! thy warm, thy friendly ray
How grateful ! while the vapour-weeping mead
Reeks with chill mist, an incommodious track

For

For the rash trav'ler yet, whose weltring feet
Brush from the plaiſhy blades the tears of morn.
Here let me wander, where, in fragrance full
Of roſy light, this more inviting *hill*
Drinks, on his ſloping ſide, the franker *beam*.
With pace relax'd the ſteep aſcent I gain ;
But gain with toil — how like the *chriſtian's* path :
A ſweetly-pleaſing, yet laborious way—
And now, how vaſt a landſkip, kenn'd from hence
Breaks on my wilder'd eye ! in roving loſt.
From *field, farm, village, park, dale, ſtream and*
grove !

Gay, primros'd lawns, flaming in vernal gold,
Or checquer'd hues, and crops of waving corn :
With herds and flocks, wide-feeding round at will.
And woods night-brown ; where ever and anon
Some opening glade I meet, with ranging troops
Of timorous deer ; viewed here, and there, between.
And here, and there, a branch of ſome fair flood
Silv'ring the vale ; and, over all, the tops

Of

Of sacred *spires*, that rise with tow'ring state,
I catch, in distant glance ; a solemn sight !
Around I gaze — around — by raptures tir'd
Yet never full — some object new, and fair,
Some fresh-presented charm, where'er I turn,
The scene expands ; and still expands the scene.
With prospects ever fair, and ever new.
But all is seen *below*, a picture spread
Beneath my feet, with nought above but skies.
— So looks the *saint* (to ever shou'd he look)
On earthly glories, with his brow in heav'n
Hail ! beauties, pencil'd by *omnipotence* !
Hail ! nature's *concert*, pleasing to an ear
In wonder list'ning, to the *silent hymn*
Ideal heard ! sung *inward* to the soul
From *forms* harmonious this *mute choir* of God !
Like the seign'd, mystic musick of the *spheres*
Unhear'd, unheeded by sense-grov'ling minds.
See too ! responsive, with her holiest strains,
The *muse* awakes ! while now the mounting *lark*

From his green *pallat* rous'd, yields lavish song.
Inviting of my lay, symphonious tun'd,
That calls *attention* from his sylvan bower.

--MAKER of all things fair ! of all things good !

That now, by gross, or mental sight beheld,
Claim adoration high ; thy power I own !

Lib'ral ! profuse ! benign ! confess'd by knees
Thus prostrate bent in dust ; and hands, and eyes
Turn'd tow'rd thy throne, in praise, and kindled
love !

O what a *builder* ! what a *father* ! here

His house has furnished, with unsparing cost,

For *man* his creature ! his unworthiest son !

For *me* of vilest *prodigals* most vile !

Praise *Him* ! my GOD, your *maker* ! praise my

KING

Ye *seasons* ! that in sweet vicissitude

Roll on, of grateful change : fresh, *vernal* fields

That now his liveries wear of youthful green !

Summer, his fragrant Daughter ! loveliest deck'd

Of all thy *sister-train* ; in softest robes
 Of *twilights*, glistering with pellucid gold,
 Thy cheerful, *night-attire*, perfum'd in sweets
 Of various *flowers* : and serv'd in *dai'y* state
 By free-attendant *suns*, and waiting *gales* !
 Thou *autumn* too ! more ripe ; in matron-charms,
 Of harvest-fruits ; thy offspring large and fair !
 And hoary *winter* ! in thy fable *store*
 Of storm and clouds, with ermine *cincture* tipp'd
 Of mountain *snows* ! when freezing vapours pale
 On the dimm'd windows dress their mimick forms
 And with rude bracelets, on the cob-web'd wall
 Pearl the coarse arrafs of *Atachne's* loom.
 Praise *Him* ! my GOD, your *maker* ! praise my
 KING !——

— In your alternate courses, eve or morn,
 Be witness ! if ingrateful, I forget
 His wondrous goodness ; or, my *hymn*, his praise.
 MAKER of all things fair ! of all things good !
 Thine is the *heaven*, * *the heaven of heavens* is thine

C 2

Hab

* *Psalms* cxv. 16.

*With their innumerable host ! but the broad earth,
Work of thy love, has thy rich bounty giv'n,
A large possession, to the sons of men !*

Strange bliss has tranç'd me ! an extatic calm !
Serv'd, by *devotion*, at this *feast of sense*,
My pulse of joy beats high. — Led on the while,
In the warm ardours of *seraphick* zeal,
My filial, reverent thoughts still search for THEE
Their dear, dear GOD : as of the subject, sweet,
My *meditation* takes her pleasing fill.

Where is my FATHER ? where my MAKER ?
view'd

In all his works, conspicuous, free and kind ?
All view'd ? all near ? all present ? — yet *unseen*
Where is my GOD ? the *wish-impassion'd* mind
Has wondrous power, from farthest-severing space
It's object to invoke, and as with charm
Of magic spell make present. Loud my tongue
Repeats a *lesson* which, with solace blest,
Was wont to cheer me, in my loneliest walks :

When

When far from every ear (my list'ning heart
 By utter'd sounds more deeply to impress)
 Frequent was us'd, in accents audible
 My voice, its lov'd *soliloquy* * to breathe.

The

* It will not be a disagreeable interruption to the pious reader to divert his eye, here, to the bottom of the page; in a perusal of *this meditation* that the lines above refer to. For the reception of which (with another piece of the same kind, that is soon to follow) I have prepared him, in the advertisement; prefix'd to this 2d part of the work.

How fragrant is the air of these delicious fields! how sweet the surrounding prospects! furnished out to entertain my senses, by the hand of the God of nature. Has he put so much refreshment into every perfumed breeze? Crouded such a variety of different, pleasing colours, shapes, and essences into so many little flowers? Given to such diversity of fruits and foods their contrary, yet grateful flavours? Afforded such innumerable, multi-form prospects to engage the eye, one single sense? Such an interchange of melodies to entertain the ear? And contrived, by no less than *five different mediums of senses*, to give gratification to the meer animal faculties, which are by far the most ignoble part of me, that I might behold him in this *glass of nature*? This mirror of wonders?

If I lift my eyes upwards how shall I conceive of his awful infinity? Who can place a *world*, ten thousand times the magnitude of ours, at so remote a distance, as

The prospects cease. For from yon summit now
Insensibly, in wistless pond'rings! brought

The

to appear to our sight, but as a lucid point, a little twinkling star? If I bend them downwards, what instances are every where before me of amazing Power, that could produce such an appearance of order, and beauty, out of so mean and irregular a collection of dust, and atoms? Hast thou provided such stately furniture for these lowest apartments of thy universal palace, and for thy meanest attendant? O what then are the grand-eurs that adorn thy *presence chamber*? What, those magnificent mansions! where thou displayest the pleased rays of thy beatific glory, in the higher, and better worlds!

HAS *created* goodness all these beauties? A little earthly spot on which I tread, and gaze (embellished with his *least* adumbrations) so fair a form? Such lovely charms? O then, how much more infinitely lovely is HE, who has given these things all their loveliness! Who puts into them whatever sweetness they contain, or can convey! These are but copies, ah! faint copies *all!* of the goodness of their fair ORIGINAL. Where is the perfect, *uncreated* GOOD? Where the enamouring image of loveliness, *it self*? Where is the ORIGINAL BEAUTY? — I can discern HIM in every thing around me: Discover, in every smallest part of formed matter, some *vestigia* of the DEITY. The FORMER of these accomplished works was also *my* FORMER. Where art thou? My *all apparent yet unperceived* MAKER! How shall I hold converse with THEE? How

The scenes that charm'd me, late, are view'd no more.
 How like the christian still ! who ne'er can climb
 Th' extatic *mount*, but soon he treads the *vale*

Of

shall I approach THEE ? Am I no better able to conceive of THEE than those *Trees* ? Those *Brutes* ? This *Clod* that bears me ? Am I not related to thee by *mind* and *spirit* ? ordained a *Priest* of this thy *mute creation* ? Nay, am I not thine, by a nearer relation, and union ? The brother and associate, the lover and friend, of thy dear *incarnate Son* ? A member of his body * ? One with HIM †, and thereby *one* with THEE ? Adopted in thy eternal purpose ! Regenerated by thy SPIRIT, and purchased to thy self *by his blood* ? Hath he said *I go to my FATHER and to your FATHER* ‡ ? And shall I not then call thee *my FATHER* ? And may I not converse with thee as a FATHER ? Present every where, present always, present *now* ? While thus I am surrounded with imagined solitude and secrecy, and meditating, with delight, upon thy beauteous works ?

BUT O ! what new beauties and pleasures does it put into every scene I am beholding, when I consider this world I am now viewing, is a kingdom of my FATHER'S ! Mean as I am in my obscure condition here, censured, overlooked, or despised, I am yet a royal *Child*, and the inheritor of a glorious, a sure, tho' invisible crown. Let the great vain men of this earth take their vanishing portion ; divide this contested spot, into little,

mo-

* *Ephes. v. 30.* † *John xvii. 21.* ‡ *John xii. 37.*

Of deep *humiliation*—— Lo ! my feet,
At unawares, a rural, still *Church-yard*

Have

momentary, uncertain possessions, which they falsely call their own ; delude themselves with a conceited happiness, and adore their sensual idol. A little, little, little while, and the GOD I live to, and converse with here, my FATHER, and my GOD, will translate me to a state of far higher honours. It is *his good pleasure* to give me a kingdom, *incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away* (characters directly opposed to this *changing, polluted, and perishing scene*) reserved in *heaven for me*. Here he is training me up by his SPIRIT, in the *princely life and temper*, meeting me in the *academic retirements of groves and shades*, till I am ripened for the opened glories of my *coronation &c.*

O ! happy retirement ! O ! heavenly solitude ! that always affords me the presence of my FATHER, and GOD ! where I may at all times find THEE, speak to THEE, and receive the delightful intercourses of thy converse, and love. Happy poverty ! where *thou*, never-failing fountain of fulness and riches ! art my inexhaustible portion. Happy banishment ! that can at *no smallest distance* ever separate me from *thee*. Happy prison ! where thy society cannot, for one moment, be excluded. Happy bed of sickness ! where THOU art continually by to cheer and support me. Happy hour of death ! when my spirit is expired but only into thy ever-circling, and paternal arms. Happy condition ! extending itself to *all places, all circumstances, and thro' all duration*. Happy creature ! both *here and for ever* possessed of the inseparable, intimate presence, and favour of A GOD. A FRIEND. A FATHER.

Have enter'd, dark with *elm* and funeral *yew*,
Dread seat of *death*. A theme which lately *thou*
Sweet, sacred *meditant*, * my boasted friend,
Hast touch'd so well. Yet useful *lores* tho' less
My humbler genius, haply, may attempt
For moral ears; not noted in *thy plan*.

See ! this large antique pile ! how reverend grey
With hoary age, it's walls ! and mouldring tower !
From whose high turrets, now by years decay'd,
Four times, struck deep and slow, the solemn bell
Resounding hoarse, has told the hour of morn.
These lonesome walks, of rude uncouthest shade,
Thro' lengths of century's past, by turns have clos'd
Each race of tenants, in the village round :
The wasted spoils of *old* mortality.
How wondrous ! when the awful trump of doom
Heard thro' earth's realms and hell, shall start, re-
cloath'd,

(Swift

* *Meditat. on the tombs* by the dear and honour'd
Mr. Hervey.

(Swift as the motion of the twinkled eye)
Each *form* now chaos'd in this mingled mass;
Mark'd in these ranks of graves, and statelier
tombs.

One *common chamber*, kept for *fellow dust*.
None *deferenc'd* there: dead! in the *pomp of state*!
State! state in death! O mockery too severe
For my worst foe! deep proof of pride in man!

How many, without least memorial left
Of whom, or what *they were*, in this cold bed
Mix in oblivion, with coeval clay?
Borne like light bubbles down the tide of time;
Or leaves, which autumn sheds; dispers'd, and lost.
Some seek a frail remembrance *on their graves*:
Surviving in a *monumental* life.
Alas, how vainly! these brief *registers*
Scarce more, at best, than barely *this* relate
That once — “a *private name*, to most unknown,
“ Lived, a *short, usual sum of common years*
“ *With man — and then — with man in common —*
dy'd”.

Meer

Meer folly weak, and ostentation, poor,
Of self-esteem. Yet striking in its use,
And doctrinal ; that anxious, general wish
Of proud immortal fame, in mortal man,
Proves, to *man's self*, *his immortality*.

—— But who ? what *worthy* ? by inscription large

On this fair obelisk, with trophies hung,
Asks reverence, from th' admiring passenger ?
High, is the praise bestowed ; if haply due.

“ *The fam'd — benevolent — the strictly good —*

“ *The perfect christian*” --- who demands the *palm*

This worth confers, of panegyrick full ?

--- Oh ! --- turn thy eyes away, nor view *the name* !

Of foulest grain ! *detestable* in *death* !

Where virtues shine not, signal, in the life ;

View'd in example, in their influence *felt*,

'Tis basest adulation paid to *dust*.

'Tis branding the dead *comet* in the front.

'Tis loud reproach, 'tis studied infamy.

Abortive boast ! not all the gloze on tombs

Can

Can *saint* a CHARTRES, or make *just* a WILDE.

Who? meanly lodg'd, beneath *sepul.bral* fence
Of native *fir* and homely workmanship,
This tenure claims? with cross-resembled bones,
And weeping cherubs, painted on the wood?

“*Four lovely babes,—with their dead mother, snatch'd*

“*By hasty fate in childbed's dolorous pangs.*”

Ah! happy mother! happy family----

—Yet must I weep — some few, some human
drops,

In pity--- to a father's, husband's loss!---

Your *number*, (with the circumstance) recal

My *own* sad loss, still felt!---some tears I weep,

Yet are they tears of joy.---Safe prove thy rest

Fair, *parent-shade*! and ye, blest *innocents*!

Ah! sweetly sleep. Your heavenly SIRE *of such*

Elects his kingdom. That bright multitude

On the new *Sion* view'd, by raptur'd *John* †

(In-

† *Revel.* xiv. from *v.* 1. to *v.* 6.

In holy vision ; in whose blameless mouths
 (Acknowledg'd without fault) was found no gui't.
 EMANUEL'S purchase, the *first fruits from earth*,
 Redeem'd to GOD, his choicest *virgin train*. *
 —Rich consolation, in few words express'd,
 (At the coarse foot of this plain *tablet* wrote)
 This *motto* gives ; "NOT LOST, but GONE BEFORE."

What fragments of insculptur'd marble these ?
 Thus scatter'd ? thus in heaps neglected cast ?
 The lordly ruins of oblivious time ?
 What do I read !----come here ! come here ! and
 learn,
 Imperious pride ! what says th' insidious *stone* ?

D

" Here

* I have purposely introduced this passage for the consolation of pious mourning *parents* for whom, by severest experience of the same trials, I have the tenderest sympathy. The *scripture*, here adverted to, affords the richest comforts in such afflicting seasons, *the death of infants*, who no doubt make a very large and distinguished part of the *redeemed family* : and are evidently marked out for observation in this place ; by the exactest *characters*, and fullest descriptions.

“ *Here lies the noble*”.--- *Here ?* hah ! where ?
where lies ?

Show, if thou canst ? where rests th’ *illustrious peer* ?
---Behold ! behold him ! from his bed of state,
His sack’d *mausoleum*, dragg’d disturb’d and thrown.
Mix’d with each puddle, whirl’d by every gale,
Or, undistinguish’d from plebeian dirt,
Spurn’d, unconcernedly, by each *peasant’s* heel.
O madness of ambition ! vain, vain hope
Of honours, meerly gain’d from names, or blood !
Unstable structures, not by merit rear’d
On virtue’s basis : durable alone.

Yet —where is *he* ? what more than *parian* bust,
Labour’d with costliest art, directs my eye
To find *the man*, the man ? ah rather sure
The angel in that form, who late below,
Thro’ long eclipse of gloomiest poverty,
Look’d, yet, so lovely from his suffering sphere.
His life, a *soil* where ev’ry heavenly grace

In their full clusters grew. Zeal, warm while meek
By *charity* : A *piety* most raised

Yet, an *humility* most deep abas'd :

Most *petitive* in worst *want* : the worthiest, best,

Of christians *le*, of fathers, husbands, friends.

—My feet have trac'd him out, I recollect

The once-known spot — and liest thou, *nest* thou
here ?

In this poor shrine, obscure, of filth and weeds ?

Worthy in noblest pyramid to rest

Of brass or gold : whom, claim'd in skies anon,

Bright hov'ring *seraphs* shall with songs attend.

—Wait ! — sweetly rested. — So may some kind
turf

Hide *my* mean dust, deserted and forgot ;

Wrong'd with no monumental flattery.

Thou pitying mother, *earth* ! ah ! when ? when ?
when ?

Shall this try'd child of griefs his care-sick head,

Weary'd with woes and frailty, gently sink

On thy *grave's* kind, cold pillow ? there to rest
Fresh for his bridal, resurrection morn ?
Period of wish'd perfection ! why recoils
My shudd'ring flesh, at *dissolution's* name ?
Our entrance into life may reconcile
'The thought, to *death* : entomb'd, before we're
born,
A living death ; in the *maternal* grave.
Death, from the very cradle, early woos
Our timorous childhood by his *image* sleep.
But guilt wakes fears ?— yet, points a lenient balm.
Look to the bloody cross ! behold thy cure !
'To *Cal'v'ry* go ! view *his* aceldema,
That sanguine field ! where *death* my SAVIOUR
fought
A victor bath'd in gore ! and vanquish'd there
That all-devourer, foul, of human race.
He conquer'd sin by sufferings, pains by smart,
And death, by *dying* : in his conflict, there,
Conquer'd *for thee*, and by his vict'ry, made

That

That stinglefs monster his *believer's* friend.
Sing, ransom'd worms ! ye pris'ners, glad, of hope,
Shout, shout his triumphs ; your *Deliverer's* praise.

But O !—O what remains ?—a throne ! a crown !
For us ! base aliens ! *us !* his *murderers* won !
With *him* deputed heirs, *joint-heirs* of heaven !
O ! pow'r, fruit, gift of strange mysterious grace !
Abyss ! when fathom'd, but more lost — to view
A prime arch-angel from his golden orb
Fall'n, to a fiend ! a human reptile, vile !
Rais'd from a frail, weak infant of a span,
(Guilty as weak) to fill his vacant throne !
And is *this* glory mine ? it is ! it is !
O, false humility ! thou vice disguis'd
In specious dress, of proud, infernal die,
Thou loud blasphemer of the truth of heav'n !
That dares the *promise*, dares the *oath* of God
Discountenance, by unbelieving fear.
These glories all are mine ! as sure in pledge,

As if possess'd ; when *death* the hour of joy,
That waited, with'd-for hour ! shall minister
My large induction. Sad, distrustful heart,
No longer droop ! live, royal my hope !
On the full, safe reversion ! O, exult
My faith ! my love ! my heavenly-rais'd desire !
My holy gratitude !—in ev'ry state,
In ev'ry view, my *whole of being* blest !
Amplly while living ; amplest, when I die !

I quit th' affecting *place*, inciting themes
Of too o'er-pressing weight for mortal powers.
Here let my thoughts divert awhile ; to mark
This peopled *rookery* : all abroad on wing,
Each with their several families employ'd ;
Training to industry their callow broods.
To *man* how moral ! loud it speaks to *man* :
Man may learn here, that *indolent* ! his work,
His duties task : of helpless progeny
The care, and crudition's tender toil.

Man

Man may learn here, that *infidel!* to place
On providence his trust. *These* all depend
On its free almonry: "*Wide dost thou stretch,*
PRESERVER *kind! thy lib'ral-giving hand.*
Beneficent, and with profusion fill
Of ev'ry living thing the large desire." *
More useful lesson yet to man they teach,
To *atheist* man, that *monster* rational.
One obvious lesson more important still:
Pray'r, *nature's* instinct, innate to the soul,
A tax of homage on creation laid,
That general bond on universal life.
Their morning *orisons*, their *vestpers* loud
These teach their young, "*the infant suppliants cry*
And ask their meat from GOD" how sweetly, hark!
Sound their responses! how devout the charm!—
—And see, the sporting minstrels! how in troops
They make excursion; now divide, now join
Their fable columns; travel and return;

Yet

* *Psalm* cxlv. v. 16.

Yet never jostle in their mazy flight.
While, quick observing, thro' their lofty camp,
Their planted *centinel* gives warning signs.
Strange intuition !----cheaply tennanted
Free, and at ease they dwell : content each day
With nature's *dole*, and blest with careless sleeps,
Hous'd in their skiey chambers, rock'd by winds.
Ah ! happy *freemen* ! ye, your fields of air
Hold common with ye all. *Man*, tyrant lord !
Parcels his speck of earth, to each small spot,
(Counting mean self *the whole*) lays private claim !
And yokes in servile toils his *vassal'd kind*,
Distinguish'd scarcely from the *vassal'd brute* ;
Pre-eminenc'd alone, *by birth*, in woe.
But lo ! a stately *mansion*, breaks at once
From this short *visio*, on th' attracted eye.
Hush'd in deep silence seem the *household train* :
Sunk all, unconscious, in sleep's wilful death.
Opiate, when us'd undue from *sloth's* foul cup,
To wreck self-murder on the heav'n-born *thought*.

Ye

Ye throngs loquacious ! with more clamorous
 croaks,

Call ! louder, to these fascinated roofs,
And start th' obscene, *day-dreamers* up to shame.

Where am I brought in inobservant range,
By *meditation's* hand led gently on ?
An *Eden* sure, a new, *lost paradise* !
Seems in this blissful *privacy* restor'd.
Here let me sit : alluring is the scene,
Where the gay *bank* spreads, soft, its native couch
Of velvet-verdures, and embroid'ring flowers.
The passing *Zephyrs* from their loaded wings
Lodge their stoln fragrance here, (a *hive* of sweets)
Cull'd from the new-cock d *hay*, and blossom'd *bean*,
And honied *woodbine* ; that with twisting arms
Weds her lov'd *elm* in this dark *nuptial bow'r*.
In whole cool *cov'ring* fits the piping breeze
With birds *symphonic* answ'ring from the boughs.
While, in blue *sedge*, and rustic *osier* clad,

Close

Cloſe at my foot a river † gently ſtrays :

Its

† Here are ſubjoined the *verſes*, mentioned before the work, and at the note, page 17.

By Lea's dear banks, where join'd in play
My youth's ſmooth hours ſole pleas'd away
Late wand'ring, by reflection preſt,
Thus, taught the friend, the mental gueſt.
Sweet ſtream! where moſt my haunts delight
Whoſe ſcenes to ſolemn thought invite ;
May my calm life reſemble thee,
Such pleaſure give, ſo uſeful be.

As paſſing ſtraws and buoyant leaves
Thy yielding ſurface, but, receives,
While pearls that lure the ſearching eye
Deep treaſur'd, in thy boſom lie :
May trifles ſuch reception find ;
Float, meerly tranſient, on my mind,
While weightier thoughts admiſſion win,
Sink its whole depths, and reſt within.

As the large ſpace the heavens expoſe
Thy pure, reflecting mirrour ſhows,
Yet paints, in ſmall, terreſtrial ſcenes,
Some bordering flowers or pendant greens :

Its murmurs rolling to a neighb'ring wood.

Be-

*So, with resemblances divine,
My copying life direct to shine;
While earth's faint forms, grown distant—less—
Their fewer images impress.*

*Teach me thy constancy—to force
O'er bars, and streights, a stubborn course;
Not idly in suspension held—
Thy path not chang'd, tho' oft repell'd.
Thy patience teach my ruffled soul,
When, like thy waves, its motions roll;
Who vex'd to foam, while passions fray.
Gentle, in smiles soon pass away.*

*Teach me thy rule of temp'rate bliss,
Pleas'd, just thy flow'ry banks to kiss:
Yet by no sweets allur'd aside,
Till ocean stops thy restless tide.
O may'st thou pattern wise dispense,
Mod'rate to taste the charms of sense;
Still pressing to my wish'd abode,
Nor fix'd, till at my center—God.*

Beneath whose quiv'ring shade, the *sunny* beams
Dance on the checquer'd *stream*, with shifting
light ;

And in its mirrour show the *finny* tribes,
That o'er the shinning pebbles make their chase.
And, farther off, appears again at large
The wand'ring *current* ; turning oft aside
His *husband-flood* to kiss the consort *mead* ;
And with her *offspring* play, of smiling flowers.
He, from his wealthy affluence, pleas'd relieves
A thousand happy objects in his way ;
Yet, his own, kindred *banks* leaves ever full.
Rich in his *fountain*, like the *lib'ral* hand,
He gains by giving : and his crystal breast
Grows, by his *alms* dispens'd, more sweet and pure.
While (like vast, standing lakes) *contracted* minds
Pent up, amassing for themselves alone,
Infectious turn : more foetid by their store.
How, all unchang'd, by lengths of ages past,
These silver tides have kept their stated course !

The *sea*, that takes their tributes, feeds their
springs.

While proudest *tow'rs*, that once these banks
adorn'd,

Long since, are moulder'd in their pristine dust.

Strange contradiction, *things in flux*, their forms

Hold permanent ; *things fix'd*, by time expire.

Just so, the restless *soul* that ever moves

Tow'rd GOD its center, from his *ocean* finds

Encreas'd supplies ; when *carnalists*, on self

Proud-settling, feel their false foundations sapp'd—

Sunk—in their own *dilapidations* lost.

'The *vale* has catch'd my eye ; where thro' the
brake,

At distance-small descry'd, a spacious waste

Of stateliest *ruins* tempts my feet away.

Long desolate : in superstitious times

An *abbey* fair ; with wandring-*cloysters*-large,

And *tow'rs* broad-rear'd, and entring-*arches*-wide,

E

And

And *walks*, long-bowring once, of sweetest *shade*,

All winding pleasant by a *flowing stream*.

Ah ! happy country ! from thy dreadful thrall

Releas'd, of *error's* night and *mental* chains.

CHRIST and his truths were lost : our bigot *fires*

In the dark *chambers of their imag'ry*,

Serv'd *idols* : falsely deifying *thee*

Mary, blest *virgin* (blest, tho' unador'd)

Stil'd, *queen of heaven*, and *mother* (strange !) of
GOD.

Plain name of blasphemy ; when mother, pure,

Not of CHRIST's *godhead*, but of CHRIST the
man.

Then, *mediator-saints* (some, while on earth

Least *faintly*) were invok'd ; while HE, pronounc'd

Sole MEDIATOR, with *his righteousness*

By *faith* alone *imputed*, was displac'd

For *legal works of merit* ; falsely taught

To justify : *Rome's* gainful mart for gold.

Crafts, to serve *priestly* av'rice, pride and pow'r.

And, are there who that vile detested yoke
Wou'd re-impose, * in vain *un-gospel* rites ?

E 2

Who

* I should be deeply concerned if, by any misconstruction, *these lines* should be thought to reflect on a *sucred* order of men, for whom I have, in common, the most real, affectionate esteem. All religious *ceremonies*, agreeing with gospel simplicity, in our protestant *established church*. All stations of *dignity, profit, &c.* conducing either to the credit or comfortable discharge of the *ministerial function*, the extending any *sphere of usefulness*, or that are the just rewards of *piety and merit*, are far from being design'd as a least part of the subject in *this reprobation*. Such abuses of the *holy offices*, as I have *only* glanced at, are the grief of all worthy ministers and good men. The securest heart may tremble at the denunciations, which God hath himself express'd, (six times in ten verses) against such mercenary, idle and rapacious *shepherds*. *Ezek c. xxxiv. from v. 1 to v. 11.*

Milic. has a passage, exactly correspondent with mine ; apply'd wholly to a *clergy* of this corrupt, scandalous, and carnal stamp.

—————Such, as for their *bellies sake*
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the *fold*.
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the *shearer's feast*,

And

Who souls misled wou'd on *repentance* rest
For life? and duties of defective *law*?
Hirelings? that make for gain the SAVIOUR'S
church

A *worldly* kingdom? that *meer* titles seek?
And hunt for carnal profits, sloth, and ease,
In rich pluralities! who famish'd leave
The pining *flock*, and cloath them with their wool?

LORD

And drive away the *worthy*-bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce *themselves* know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the *faithful* herdsman's art belongs!
What reck's it them? what need they? *they are sped*;
And, *when they list*, their *lean*, and *flasky* songs
Grate on their scranel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry *sheep* look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim *wolf* with privy paw
Daily devours apace; and *nothing said*——

LYCIDAS.

LORD of thy *Israel*! these intruding *wolves*
Cast from thy *fold*! — to dress thy vineyard sen!
Try'd, faithful *labourers* by *blest* *lucre* mov'd,
Large wages seeking *in*, not *for*, their work.
Holv, regenerate, humble; — deep, best learn'd,
From *thy* *teachings*, in thy SPIRIT's school.
Striving, *alone*, who most with zeal, with love
Shall burn for *Jesus*, in their *toils* for men.

What sudden warnings give the must'ring clouds
That low, tempestious, in the *alter'd* air?
Beasts their close coverts, *birds* their shadieft trees
Affrighted seek, the march of instant *storm*
Presaging sure. It points this way — 'tis come!
Deep groans th' ear-rending *thunder*, that compels
My speedy flight: for shelter, poorly fought
Amid these caverns dark, and dropping walls;
'The *toads* foul nurs'ry, and the drear resort
Of lurking *adders*, and th' ill-boding *owl*.
'Thro' whose torn clefts the haunting *echoes* rave

With peals more horrid, and of hoarser roar.

Mark ! how the *rains* in streaming torrents burst !

And flash the mix'd sulphurous flames,

Scatter'd by new volleys from the skies.

A dreadful fight of jarring elements :

The strife of waters, with the rage of fire.

Again ! — more loud it grows. — And shall I fear

A FATHER's thunder ? will his lightning harm

A *child* ? a *fav'rite* ? in his fond, fond heart

Lodg'd, watch'd, remember'd ; by as quick a sense

As the touch'd *pupil* of the feeling eye.

Are not his *angels* here ? my royal guard

On kind commission sent. *Himself* is here !

Himself ! in ev'ry state of conflict found

My help ! my SAVIOUR, nigh ! my *present* GOD !

And shall I fear ? tho' nature swift were seiz'd

With her expiring pang ; tho' *hell* should arm,

And hemm'd I stood, with ghastliest *furies* round ?

Roar on, ye thunders ! flash, ye lightnings ! *now*,

O'er this untrembling head ! 'mid all your threats,

Com-

Compos'd to sweetest peace ; while calm'd, assur'd,
By the *felt* pledges, of a FATHER's love.

—Try, *unbeliever* ! how thy *bulrush*-hope
Will bear thee ; in an hour of stormy fears,
In calm, in courage like the *christian's* trust !

The wreck comes near, impending black and
low.---

Guard, gracious heav'n ! how direful was that crack !
As if earth's poles were rift, and in her doom
Heav'n's whole artillery was discharg'd at once.

And— hah ! — behold, the havock ! see that *oak*,
Close at my side ! that, but a moment past,
Stretch'd his proud, vaunting arms, himself a wood,
Long proof to all, the *elemental* war :

Scath'd by the nitrous blast, in pieces riv'd,
With all his antient honours laid in dust !——

So near its fate, why mis'd the *fiery death*
In *my* pierc'd heart to drink the vital stream ?
Thy care, all-watchful, *thy* love-rescuing arm,
PRESERVER *dear* ! in prostrate homage prais'd.
Fix, *the deep voice of providence*, my thoughts

Fear.

Of thy *vindictive* pow'r. Whose less alarm
London ! thy *shock* metropolis has felt,
(Oh! had it shook more hearts !) which, yet so fresh,
Suggests a *theme*, not devious, for my song.

Still rose the morn ; security had lull'd,
The flatter'd *sons of vice* in false repose.
Heav'n of its dread intent no *portents* gave ;
Ah ! too, too obvious in our gen'ral crimes,
Pleasure had lent to *time* her silken wings ;
And, to her *Sirens*, danc'd his wanton hours,
Thoughtless of change. *Mirth* wore her liveliest
smile,

And *Ease* sat, listless, on *Augusta's* walls.
When, instantaneous, earth's huge, cumb'rous mass
Heav'd, with strange pang, and deep resounds her
groan.

All, at the signal, rouse—but stretch them soon
In *Folly's* dallying lap, and hush their fear.
The *month* her circle had in pastimes clos'd,
Again——another——a repeated shock,

A louder voice, of horror more severe,
Starts the dead slumb'ers from their impious dream.
Where fly the threaten'd wretches? where? where,
now?

For wish'd relief?—To suppliant penitence?
To fasts? to mournings? to the house of pray'r?
A posture due—Ah! no. To *plays!* to *sports!*
To *midnight revels!* nearest match'd in guilt
To those of fiends; the jubilee of *hell!*
Hear it not, strangers! our disgrace outbraves
All parallel; in *two*, amazing days!
On *each*, an *earthquake!* and on *each* a *ball!*

Has man his hours in charge? important trust!
All lent? all number'd? all with duty tax'd?
In sloth to rust? in luxury to waste?
To lose, in sensual feculence, at will?
Like hardy gamesters, desp'rate in their play!
What are their rank amours? that dare the sun
In *day's* broad eye? amid the num'rous *stews*
(Affronting, with impunity, our streets?)

Of

Of shameless youth the *fashionable schools*?
All *order, ties, relation*, heav'n's wife law
Made the *drele's* laugh, and broke, for *modes* of sin.
What are their meetings, at the swinish board
Of boasted *fellowship*? Their roaring bands?
But *Circe's* monsters, wallowing o'er their trough?
What, their *assemblies*? for politeness fam'd?
Nurs'ries of pride, and leud intrigue, and fraud
In lavish play; base lust, of *furtive* gold!
Health, innocence, and precious minutes, lost!
Immortal minds amus'd o'er *painted toys*!—
View it not, *angels*! to enhance your scorn
Of man; already in your sight too mean.

Oh—*Britain*!—oh!—maternal weeping land!
These are thy christians! sham'd by Pagan climes
These thy sad prospects! this thy hopeless race!
Mature for ruin!—should the dreaded blow
Seize them, immers'd in acts of daring sin!
Should heav'n its scenes of horror, *then*, disclose;
The yawning earth! sunk street! and cracking pile!

—Hark!

—Hark!—'tis at hand!—prepare to meet thy God!
Thy God, O Britain! thy tremendous judge!
Thy judge *in.ens'd!* omnipotence in wrath!
A dreadful foe! he speaks— but spares the stroke;
Love wrests the vengeance from his lifted arm.
O, timely be attentive! hear! hear! hear
His monitory voice! his awful, loud,
Yet gentle call!—mild SAVIOUR! friend of man!
Pour, in large streams, thy soft'ning SPIRIT down,
To melt the *native rock* in *human hearts!*
Dear, bleeding *advocate!* our hapless state
Commiserate, all gracious; bow thy ear
Pitying to suppliant dust! *thy people's* pray'rs,
The *matrons* tears, our *infants* helpless cries,
Invoke thee “Oh, avert! avert our doom!”

The *storm* is ceas'd—The *thunders* know their
God,
And still their roar. O! how severe is felt
His frown in nature, tho' his *frown of love!*
Each prospect mourns! from all the languid tribe

Of

Of weeping *flow'rs*, and ev'ry dripping *tree*.
 Soon shall your short-soil'd beauties be repair'd,
 By glossier lustres, and more spic'd perfumes.
 For see! the *sun* his fresh-refulgent rays
 Pours on the skirt of yon soft fleecy cloud
 That form a shadowy *arch* of dazzling *lists*:
 Gay *yellow*, emerald-*green*, and morning-*red*,
Aurora's blush; a shining *zone*, engrain'd
 In tints of heav'n. With whose sweet aspect pleas'd,
 GOD (in remembrance of *sworn* amity
 With *earth* established, and perpetual league,)
 Gracious will look; his *cov'nant-symbol* * own'd
 Of *peace*, and full-extermiated *ire*.
Birds raise their joyous song; and *flocks* and *kine*
 Thro' the shower'd *meads* for savoury banquet roam.
 All is a state of love, no quarre's here
 Divide the diff'rent *polities*: the *boar*
 Feeds by the *ox*, with the tame *steed* the *lamb*
 Free pasture shares, *man* only, feud foment; ;
 'The savage, lordly *wrangler* of the world.

Such

* *Genesis* ix. v. 16. compared with *Isaiab* liv. v. 9.

Such pleas'd surveys of *nature's* wondrous frame
Suit well the sanctity of *holiest time* ;
And shall the *tribe*, of proud censorious stamp
The *Christian* brand ? who, contemplating *thus*,
His *early* lot or *late* of *hallow'd hours*
In *rural wandrings* spends ? depriv'd the means
Of *closet-thought*, by circumstances strait
Of numerous offspring, or the want of place
In *household privacy*. Acquiring *here*
(Besides a mind, more sooth'd to heavenly calm)
Brac'd nerves, rais'd appetite, and purer blood :
The tides fast pouring in of *health*, and *joy*.
Corp'ral with *mental* good. —away ! ye gloom'd,
O'er-rigid *race* ! stiff *pharisees* in *creed* !
Who *gospel-faints* by *sabbatary* forms
Would bind ; that vassalage of *legal rest*.
Like me (e're hardness of degenerate hearts
Compell'd strict *jewish-law*) in *Hebron's* field
Accepted *Isaac*, at accustom'd *Eve*
Walk'd forth to meditate : and HIM ador'd

F

LORD

' LORD OF HIS SABBATH, man's *exemplar* blest,
HE, (like his mean *disciple*) thro' the paths
Of tow'ring *corn*, or some lone, shade-top'd *hill*,
Took, social or apart, his devious way.
Safe RULE : If not from HIM his *follower* swerve.

One *duty* of the *solemn day* is paid :
The meet remembrance of *creation's works*.
But, *works* more *godlike*, more transcendent far,
(A weightier debt, a dearer duty still !)
Claim my full sum of wondring, grateful thoughts :
So ever, still, in paying ne'er to pay.
A *world*, miraculous like this, to make
A *word* it cost ! but *one prolific word* !
But ah ! th' *almighty* MAKER's *life itse'f*
Was paid, that *world* from ruin to *redcem*.
GOD stoop'd to sufferings, for his *creature's* sin !
Oh ! that as once to *him* † (tho' not in *grace*
In *name* resembling) thou to *me* would'st deign

(*Hid*

† *Exod. c. xxxiii. v. 18 &c.*

(*Hid in the cleft of thy spear-open'd side*)
 In *trance* thy *passing* DEITY to view !—
 See me, thou meek *incarnate* MAJESTY !
 With aw'd request bow'd deeper than in dust :
 And thy free SPIRIT send, thy purchas'd gift,
 In my mind's *glass* the vision to reveal :
 Some faint, short *glimpse*, thy glories *hiddest* parts,
 My *morning-wandering's* last, but sweetest scene.

What may not ransom'd *man* provided see
 In the rich *covenant*, * by *redemption* wrought !
 His *whole of bliss* secur'd ; the *means and end* :
 All his wish'd *blessings*, *treasur'd safe* in THEE
 Thou, LORD of *angels* ! but the *sinners* friend !
 Ah ! more, his *kinsman*, in *fraternal* bonds !
 Where shall the guilt-convicted *creature* fly ?
 Scorch'd thro', and stunn'd, with thund'ring Si-
nai's curse ?

F 2

To

* I would recommend it to all persons under conviction, and others, to read deliberately over *Ezek. c. xxxvi.* from the 20 v. to the end. Compared with *Heb. c. viii.* from v. 6. to v. 13.

To *works*? that *law*, that first convinc'd of *sin*!
The *dead* to work? meer carcase, void of *strength*:
Shut up, long putrid, in *corruption's* grave.
“But he may seek to *mercy*?”—*mercy*! where?
The *sword* of fiery *justice* waving guards
That gate, made inaccessible to *sin*.
Show, if thou canst, without a *ransom* giv'n,
A *satisfaction* adequate and full,
Show, in a way becoming DEITY,
Mercy with *justice* reconcil'd to *man*:
Join *truth*, that threatens punishment, with *love*.
“What must he do?—in deep *repentance* plung'd,
Cleans'd and abluted come.”—ah! proud deceit!
Repentance is the *child* of fruitful *faith*:
Not its *progenitor*, as falsely taught;
(*Twin-virtues*, rather, in the *heavenly train*.)
Come as thou canst: *just*, loathsome as thou art;
For a *free pardon*, held thee out by *grace*.
Like the bare *prodigal* * in all thy *filth*

Take

* *Luke* c. xv. v. 20.

Take the blest *boon*!—me in my blood HE found,
(Blotted all thro' with ev'ry spot of hell)
And cleans'd me in the *fountain* of his own.
With all my fears, to HIM, when lost, I turn'd;
And felt him soon my peace, and feel him still;
With his *abiding unctiōn* * richly show'rd.
My *vital head of influence*, like the *vine*
Nurt'ring his *grafted branch*. From HIM I draw
Growth, sustenance, and fruits. Ev'n *ills* I feel,
(Such, in their nature) op'rating in *good*.
Blest is *temptation* (not provok'd nor sought)
That makes me but more watchful. Blest, I deem
Afflictions; helping in their exercise
My work of *perfect patience*. Ev'n my *lusts*,
The strivings of my *old corruption* blest,
That drive me more to JESUS; drive me there
For *purity*, and *strength*; all stor'd in HIM.
Push'd off by hostile legions, safe I stand
Safe in the *covenant*; in that bold secure.
That bold! not mine of him, but his of me.

And

* 1 John c. ii. v. 27.

And mayst thou not, *believer* ! clear'd, absolv'd,
 Lov'd, sanctified, and seal'd, thy purchas'd heav'n
Now, by *assurance* hold ? and take thy seat
 Here, * *in celestial places* ? — Gospel *sins*
 (Not *shall*, but *have*) have enter'd in that rest. †
 Their present *privilege*, tho' to most unknown.
 "Who ? who ? what more than mortal sure enjoys
 These high prerogatives ?" I, multitudes
 Arriv'd at *filial liberty*. A right
Faith's weakest new-born *babe* may safely claim.
 All who in CHRIST believe, *all ought, all may* ;
 Who yield not blindly to the specious guile
 Of *carnal reasonings*, and base *unbelief* :
 False, wandering fires, that lead in misty night
 The lost, sad *pilgrim*, foul, and far, astray.

Is this the prize of *man* ? propos'd to *all* ?
 A *palm*, for contest, set to *human race* ?
 And will the *child*, (by passions nurs'd and dreams)
 Bent on a *present portion*, pine for *earth*
 In frenzied wish, and hug his *bawble-world* ?

What

* *Ephes. c. ii. v. 6.* † *Heb. c. iv. v. 3.*

What is *ambition*, but base discontent
With what we are? what *pleasure*? but a foam
By the mad torrent rais'd of rapid *sense*.
Riches? the *shadow* of *substantial good*.
Honours? and *titles*? breath and empty *names*.
What, *learning*? but the boast (with labour gain'd)
Of knowing something — that *was known before*.
And are these worth *thy choice*? which claims it
best?

(Count, *sensual* soul! revolve it oft and deep)
A portion, *spent on earth*? or stor'd in *heav'n*?
Th' important difference scan, deliberate, weigh:
Note the vast disproportion plac'd between!
A *portion*, hast'ning *from*, or hast'ning *to*.

But hark! from all the distant *hamlets* round
The solemn *bells* sound warning, to convene
In the sweet *house of pray'r*; and hearts commix
In adorations *social*; reverent hear
His message CHRIST's *evangelist* unfold,
Rejoic'd, with fellow *saints*: *one* homeward *stage*
Brought onward, happily, to native *skies*:

A sabbath's journey in our road to heav'n.

What holds me then, but that with instant pace
At the glad summons earliest I resort
To the sweet *house of prayer*, with heart commix'd
In adorations *social*? reverent hear
His message CHRIST's *evangelist* unfold,
With *fellow-saints* rejoicing—happily,
To native skies, in nearer progress brought:
One *sabbath's journey* on my *heavenly way*.

So if an *eaglet* (practising for strength
His early wing) in mid excursion hears
The careful *mother-bird* her *son* recal:
'To her known *signal* he returns at once.
And by her *plumes*, in flight celestial borne,
Swift to the *sun* on *safer pinnions* soars.

END OF PART THE SECOND.



